THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POETICAL ESSAY,

IN TWO BOOKS.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

BY

ROBERT BROWN,

CORPORAL IN THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

SIR,

THE high and unexpected honour you have been pleaſed to confer upon me, in condeſcending to patronize the firſt attempt of ſuch an humble and unlettered muſe, excites in my breaſt a crowd of ſenſations, which I am utterly at a loſs how to expreſs.

But to whom ſhould the moiſtened eye of tender pity look with ſympathetic gratulation, or the innocent ſufferer with bleeding heart breathe his complaint, but to you, who, even at the inſtant when the fate of thouſands hung upon your word, when at your command the furious battle raged in ſtubborn conflict, while with penetrative eye you watched its various motions, and directed its thundering courſe; yet even then were ſtill ſolicitous, with unremitting care,

to alleviate the attendant horrors of war, and were at all times, and under every circumſtance, *a friend to the diſtreſſed*, of which the various orders and regulations iſſued by your command, will remain a laſting proof? The humble cot ſhared equal protection with the lordly palace, nor did the low eſtate of the ſufferer ever exclude his complaint, or fruſtrate his claims to redreſs.

To that intrepid, judicious, and ſteady deportment as a general; to that princely dignity, ſoftened with a moſt benign and condeſcending affability as a man, is to be attributed that affection which you poſſeſs in every true Britiſh heart, but more particularly thoſe who followed you through the various ſcenes of action, which oftentimes approach to enthuſiaſm. And hence that unſhaken confidence in the wiſdom and virtue of their beloved chief, which never failed of ſucceſs whenever you thought it prudent to command their ſervice.

Beneath the happy auſpices of your illuſtrious name, I ſend forth my little performance, whoſe homely language, rough and unpoliſhed by education, may ſound harſh to the delicate ear; but I truſt

truſt that the ſentiments therein expreſſed (which were chiefly inſpired or improved by the bright example of your princely magnanimity and humane condeſcenſion, while abroad in the ſervice of your country) will give offence to none.

I am, with profound reſpect and gratitude,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt faithful,

Moſt obedient, and

Devoted humble ſervant,

ROBERT BROWN.

London, 2d March,

1797.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT

TO

BOOK I.

THE introduction to the ſubject, which is, an attempt to deſcribe ſome of the principal occurrences incident to a ſummer and a winter campaign. The camp being previouſly formed, the order for battle is given; the formation of the line, and advance to the attack: the various circumſtances of action; ſome aſſail the enemy in their entrenchments, while others join the combat in regular order on the plain. The field of battle after the victory deſcribed, with ſome conſequent reflections. A ſiege; the city deſcribed, with the approach of the army, the attack and defence. The city is delivered up to the conquerors; the ſufferings of ſome of the miſerable

inhabitants related. The ſtory of Alberto and Eliza, in which are noticed ſome of the misfortunes which unavoidably fall on the inhabitants of thoſe countries which happen to be the ſeat of war.

THE

THE

CAMPAIGN.

BOOK I.

YE few of Britain's ſons, and daughters fair,
Whoſe tender hearts commiſerate the woes
Of ſuffering innocence, whether attir'd
In ſumptuous robes or deſpicable rags;
Ye generous few, whoſe ſympathizing hearts
Pride never bloated, and which never felt
The ſlaviſh gripe of jaundic'd prejudice;
Grant me your kind indulgence while I ſing,
Tho' with plebeian voice and untaught note,
The feats of Britiſh arms, and hapleſs fate
Of helpleſs innocence, by ſavage war.
How far remov'd are now thoſe pleaſing dreams,
That golden age, when peaceful harmony

United all mankind in ſocial love,
By ſimple nature taught! No jealouſy
Of power, no proud ambition, cloak'd beneath
The guiſe of honour, then diſturb'd the peace
Of thoſe contented tribes: no pride they knew,
Save who ſhould moſt promote the public weal;
A golden age indeed! But now, convuls'd
With long inteſtine broils, Europa bleeds
At every vein, and, like an earthquake, ſhakes
The ſteadfaſt globe. War, ruthleſs war, puts on
His purple garb, and over Europe frowns
With ſanguinary eyes, glutting the blood
Of millions ſlain, yet raging ſtill for more.
Batavia,* threaten'd by the Gallic foe,
Whoſe high ambition graſps at half the globe,
Implores Britannia's aid; the lion, rous'd,
Soon roars in thunder round their trembling ſhores;
And far as Ocean ſtretches, breathes, in fire,
The terror of her arms. Her warlike ſons,
Led by their favorite Prince, and Royal Duke,
With native courage fir'd, rally around

* The requiſition which the States of Holland made to Great Britain for aſſiſtance, in the year 1793, when General Dumourier, with the French Army, had advanced as far as Williamſtadt, to which fortreſs they laid ſiege, but raiſed it again on the approach of the Britiſh troops under the command of His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York.

Fair

Fair Freedom's ſtandard with united hearts,
Her to defend, or in her cauſe expire.
O heavenly *Liberty!* what monſtrous forms,
Ambition, Pride, Oppreſſion, Murder, Luſt,
Impiety, conceal their hydra heads
Under thy ſaint-like robes, and dare preſume
To uſe thy ſacred name to ſanction deeds
That Hell itſelf would bluſh at; thus deceiv'd
By ſpecious words, the giddy multitude
With frantic rage adore thy airy ſhade,
And to it ſacrifice, with madden'd zeal,
Their ſubſtance and their life, yea, even their ſouls,
Counting it merit, 'till the cruel fangs
Of ſtrong Oppreſſion ſtrike its deſtin'd prey;
Their eyes are then unveil'd, but thou art fled.
The trumpet ſounds, the hollow drums beat loud
From camp to camp the ſignal of alarm,
Or call to arms; when from his turfy bed
The ſlumb'ring ſoldier ſprings, as with new life
Invigorated: quick as ſound can fly
The long extended line, o'er hill and dale,
Is form'd complete; the glittering ſquadrons ſtand
Array'd in order, while the neighing ſteeds,
Champing their bridles, paw the trembling ground
With fierceneſs: next, the firm battalions ſtand
In proſpect far, with cloſed files exact,

And ſquared ſections; nicely taught to wheel,
To cloſe, to open, break, or form, as time,
Or place, or circumſtance requires, or move
With ported arms, with firm and awful ſtate,
To charge the wavering foe. With brazen front,
And open mouth, the loud artillery ſtands
Ready for action; every mind ſuſpenſe,
And ſilent all, impatient, on the wing
Of ardent hope, awaiting the command
To move to glorious victory or death.
The word is given: ſwift as the lightning's glance,
Throughout the armed hoſt the ſignal flies.
Hope brightens every face, and honor's call
Quickens each pulſe, and braces every nerve:
All in a moment, that extended line,
Whoſe burniſh'd arms and thickening ranks appear'd
One long-continued ridge of glittering war,
Aſſumes a thouſand ſhapes; here ſquadrons join,
And, forming cube, in darkning clouds advance,
Scorning reſiſtance; or in looſe array
Traverſe the wide extremes: there columns wheel
To different points deceptive, which full oft
Delude the doubtful foe; while ſome advance
With open front, and brave them to their teeth.
But now the roaring cannon loud proclaims
The armies met, and here and there are ſeen

One wounded fall, or ſtruck with inſtant death,
While the loud thunder, and the whiſtling ſound
Of miſſive ruin, threatens all around
With inſtant diſſolution. Now a ſhort
And thrilling pang of horror ruſhes through
Each heart, which, ſtartled at the ſudden view
Of death, ſhrinks back, uncertain of its fate:
But ſweet enlivening hope, and the mix'd noiſe
Of buſy action, ſoon diſpel all fear;
And thouſands, dead or dying, under foot
Are trampled o'er, or left without concern.
The ſcene is various, ſome on even ground,
On foaming ſteeds, with ſword and helmet arm'd,
Squadron with ſquadron in fierce conflict meet,
And ſhake the ſolid ground; each ſingles out
His fierce opponent, and with vigorous arm
Wards off, or deals about him, wounds and death.
Others entrench'd, ſecure in their own ſtrength,
Launch forth terreſtial thunderbolts, and ſhowers
Of iron hail among our fearleſs ranks
With wide deſtruction; but Britannia's ſons,
Ill brooking ſuch repulſe, and nothing aw'd
By what appears in the forbidding ſhape
Of difficulty or danger, but the more
The hazard, ſo much more the glory won
By the ſucceſs, with innate courage fir'd

They ſtill preſs forward through the fiery ſtorm,
Up to the cannon's mouth; nor trench, nor mound,
Nor barricado ſtrong, lin'd with the points
Of threat'ning bayonets, can now arreſt
Their fierce career, till driv'n back, confus'd,
The vanquiſh'd quickly to the victors yield.
Behold again, on the extended plain,
Army 'gainſt army rang'd in proud array,
And, with a firm majeſtic pace, advance
Indignant front to front; with watchful eye
Each views the other, in each halt, or wheel,
Or doubtful evolution; where with moſt
Advantage to relax, when change the form,
Or where concentrate: now with ſudden ſtroke
The whizzing ball, from brazen cannon flung,
Cuts off a file at once, or lops a limb,
Tearing the ground in dreadful furrows long;
While all impatient, on a near approach
Vollies of thunder burſt from either ſide
With ſudden blaze, ſoon anſwered fire with fire;
Nothing can now be ſeen but rolling ſmoke,
Whoſe towering columns dark blot out the ſun,
Mingled with ſulph'rous flame; nothing is heard
But one continued roar from numerous arms
Of ſmaller calibre, with ſudden burſts
Tremendous from the wide and burning throats

Of huge artillery; at intervals
The piercing ſhrieks and groans of dying men,
And mangled wretches weltering in their gore,
Aſſail the ear, and for a moment fill
The mind with horror; but the tumult ſtrange,
The fierce contention, and the ſtunning din
Of arms, give no admiſſion now to cool
Reflection: he, whoſe merit, birth, or gold,
Have rais'd to high command, had need employ
His keeneſt intellects to watch the eye
Of giddy fortune, and to make the beſt
Both of her frowns and ſmiles; as for the reſt,
Whoſe duty is obedience, they, employ'd
In the fierce conflict, think of nothing more
Than how defend themſelves, or how deſtroy
Their adverſaries; and, like ſome complex,
Complete machinery, they work, or ſtop,
Or turn, as the high guiding hand directs.
But now the raging fury of the war
Increaſes more and more; in doubtful ſcale
The vict'ry hangs ſuſpended; Fate ſupreme
With-holds his laſt deciſive nod, while each
Tries their own ſtrength; and now their horrid fronts
Approach each other with undaunted brow,
Breathing defiance in loud thunder-ſtorms,
And belching fire and ſmoke, which as a cloud

Of nitrous fume obſcure them round about,
Infernal ſhade! while clambering o'er the heaps
Of breathleſs trunks, procumbent on the ground,
The flaming edge of battle almoſt joins
In dreadful contact; when, behold, the ſcene
Is quickly chang'd; the bellowing thunder now
Ceaſes to roar, and a ſhort calm ſucceeds
Prophetic of more ſanguinary deeds
To follow ſoon: with ardent vigor fir'd,
And fierce impatience now to end the fray,
They quick, with aggravated fury, ruſh
Together point to point; each glittering ſpear
With nervous arm is plunged in the foe,
And, reeking from the wound, repeats again
The fatal ſtroke on all that dare oppoſe,
With ſanguinary rage; 'till overcome,
The vanquiſh'd enemy their arms renounce,
And proſtrate crave for mercy: O ye ſons
Of Britiſh race, or who for Britain's cauſe
Unſheath the ſword, let mercy triumph now,
Nor ſtain your dear-bought honor with the blood
Of unarm'd captives. Matchleſs in the field
'Gainſt equal numbers, from whatever part
Around the globe ſelected; fam'd for ſtrength
And courage 'mongſt the gazing nations round;
So alſo let your generous boſoms glow

With pity and benevolence to theſe,
Your humble ſuppliants. Let others, fierce
As hungry tygers, fiends in human ſhape,
With helliſh rancor murder in cold blood
Thoſe whom the fate of war to them ſubjects;
Your's be the godlike glory of forgiving.
But now behold a ſolemn, awful ſcene
Preſents itſelf to view: the ſtunning noiſe
And clamor of the war is huſh'd, and ſtill
As ſummer evening after ſome loud ſtorm,
When gentle zephyrs, whiſp'ring ſoft and mild
O'er the ſmooth lake, or flowery field, or through
The verdant grove, ſcarce move the trembling leaves.
O'er all the enſanguin'd field thick ſcatter'd lie
The mangled dead, in all the horrid forms
Contortion and the fierce convulſive pangs
Of death had thrown them in. Some ſtill alive,
But tortur'd with their wounds, and ſuff'ring death
A thouſand times, with faint but earneſt voice
Beſeeching ſome kind hand to end their pain
And wretched life together. Others, borne
With tender care from off the field, in hopes
Of life and health, prolong in lingering pain
Their cheerleſs days; and oft for months, for years,
Beheld with ſcorn, and anſwer'd with diſdain,
Imploring from the proud but ſparing hand

Of affluence, of thoſe in whoſe defence
They ſpilt their blood, and ſacrific'd their health,
A few ſuperfluous crumbs; yet even of that
Are oft deny'd, and preference given to dogs!
Say ye, who beſt can tell, what is the cauſe,
Why that deſpis'd, tho' uſeful race of men,
Whoſe youth, whoſe manhood, even to grey old age,
Is ſpent to ſerve their country and their king,
Should meet with ſuch contempt from every age
And rank of men, that even a beggar's child
Is taught to ſcorn a common ſoldier's name?
That ſuch poſſeſs a ſoul, or that its powers
Extend beyond the groſs and narrow bounds
Of the five ſenſes, is to ſome a doubt,
Whoſe knowledge ſhines throughout the wond'ring world
In golden characters, and, when they die,
If ſuch muſt die, wiſdom with them expires.
Behold the field—there, oft without the pomp
And pageantry of funeral obſequies,
The rich, the poor, the wiſe, the fool, are laid
Together in one common bed, to mix
Without diſtinction with their mother earth.
Here all ambition, all contention, ceaſe;
And they whoſe raging fury nothing leſs

Than

Than each the other's life could once appeaſe,
Now ſilently together reſt in peace.
Here alſo lies, in Dunkirk's watery plains,
A gallant captain,* and a generous friend;
No ſooner found than loſt! No monument
Holds forth his virtues to a gaping crowd;
The level turf conceals the ſacred ſpot
From every prying eye of friend and foe.
The order came, for battle all prepar'd,
While he, with ardor ſparkling in his eyes,
And goodneſs in his heart but rarely found,
With cheerful ſteps led on his active troops
Thro' ſtubborn fences, and thro' chin-deep tracks
Of inundation, preſſing on the foe;
Who, after ſhort reſiſtance, yielded up
The palm of victory. Earneſt they ſtrove
To emulate their much-lov'd valiant chief;
And, jealous of his favour, every nerve
Strain'd hard to merit his approving ſmile
By acts of valour, vigilance, or due
Obedience, deeming that their beſt reward.
But, oh! how ſhort is human happineſs!
Even as the light'ning's flaſh, 'tis felt, 'tis gone!

* Lieutenant-colonel Eld, of the Coldſtream Guards, who was killed by a cannon ſhot before Dunkirk, on the 24th of Auguſt, and buried in front of the encampment.

And oft before the faſcinating cup,
Gilded with promis'd bliſs, can touch the lip,
Old niggard Time thruſts in his hand between,
And with a peremptory frown forbids
The taſte; for now, commiſſion'd from on high,
The miſſive meſſenger of death, with ſwift
Unerring aim, ſtruck through his heart; he fell!
Nor mov'd nor utter'd more! His followers gaz'd
Aghaſt and pale, while ſoft affection wrung
Reluctant tears from eyes unus'd to weep.
Though ſculptur'd marble is forbid thy tomb,
Yet in thy ſoldiers hearts thy name, O ELD!
Retains a living monument. They ſtill,
Till life's rough tranſitory ſcene is o'er,
Shall to thy much-lov'd memory duly pay
The tender tribute of a heart-felt ſigh.
  See the ſtrong city, where all human art,
Prodigious labor, and immenſe the ſums,
Have been expended, and is now pronounc'd
Impregnable; her ſpacious magazines
Are ſtor'd with thunder and the dire machines
Of ruinous war; her granaries are full;
And, glorying in her ſtrength, ſhe dares defy
Whoever dares to threaten. Circled round
With rolling floods, o'er which her mural ſtrength
And bulwarks riſe high towering, and, with ſtern

And ſullen aſpect, frowns contempt on all
The country round! But ſuddenly hemm'd in,
Beſet on every ſide with fearleſs foes,
The ſcene is quickly chang'd; her ponderous gates,
Faſt barr'd, forbids egreſſion or ingreſs
To all. Her martial ſons, alarmed, fly
To arms, and from the ſubterraneous ſtores
Bring forth profuſe the implements of death;
And, full of ſelf-importance, ſtand prepar'd
For her defence. Meanwhile with circumſpect,
But penetrative eye, from Albion's ſhores
The ſons of war advance, and at their head
Our royal Frederic, who, tho' young in years,
Yet with a veteran's ſkill, and courage high,
Temper'd with prudence and humanity,
He guides the helm of war; and, while the ſhades
Of night obſcure the circumjacent plains,
Thouſands, with ſpade and pick-axe arm'd, approach
With ſilent ſtep; anon the vexed ſoil,
Upthrown by numerous hands in ſilence, yields,
Ere morning light, a large and ſafe retreat
For the invaders; laughing her to ſcorn
With all her ſtrength. Now with inſidious wave
Progreſſive they advance, and under ground
Defy the thunder of the battlements;
While from each ſide, beſiegers and beſieg'd,

Tremendous

Tremendous ſhowers of miſſive ruin fly
From night to morn, from morn to ſhadowy eve,
Nor intermiſſion finds. From theſe entrench'd
The red-hot balls, with hiſſing noiſe, deſcend
O'er all the aſtoniſh'd city; while the flames,
With ſudden burſt from various parts at once,
Spread dreadful deſolation. Many high
And ſumptuous palaces, adorn'd with all
The coſtly decorations art could give,
Now lay a heap of aſhes, and their proud
Poſſeſſors bury'd in the general wreck.
While thus within, confuſion, terror, death,
Famine and fire, with arbitrary ſway
Triumphant reign; the buſy foe without
Nearer approach with ſap and mine, and ſhake
Their ſtately towers and bulwarks to their deep
Foundations. With a loud convulſive ſhock
The ſudden earthquake rocks their ſtrongeſt walls,
And down their lofty ramparts proſtrate fall
In cumberous ruin, opening wide a breach
For the aſſailants, who, with fierce deſire,
Await the ſignal to begin the ſtorm
By breach or eſcalade, ſcorning repulſe.
Meanwhile the ſieg'd, deſpairing of relief,
And all their hopes cut off, deſtruction near,
Ready to fall with vengeance on their heads;

And that of bad yet worſe muſt ſoon enſue,
Should they reject or with indifference treat
The offers made them, forthwith council call,
And yield ſubmiſſion. At the trumpet's ſound
The roaring cannons in a moment ceaſe;
The rattling arms a reſpite find; and now
The weary ſoldier takes a ſweet repoſe
In ſafety; for the ſwift deſcending ſhell,
Whoſe hiſſing curvature with ſteady eye
He frequent watch'd, no more diſturbs his reſt;
Nor with exploſion dire, near thoſe that ſleep,
Awakes them in eternity! The gates,
Whoſe lofty arch with proud diſdain beheld
Th' approaching foe, ſubmiſſive now receives
The conqueror; to whoſe view a ſcene appears,
At which the hardeſt hearts relent, and feel
The warrior's ſtern ferocity give way
To tender pity. There the dwellings lie,
Of rich and poor, in one confuſed maſs,
Promiſcuous ruin. Here the flames had rag'd,
Or wide dilapidation levell'd all,
And every houſe a grave. The carcaſes
Of women, men, and children, uninterr'd,
Whoſe mangled limbs, expos'd to public view,
Lay where they fell, until the happy truce
Gave time for their removal. In a place

The leaſt expos'd to harm ſtands glutted full
Their hoſpital; where ſome of every age,
Sex, and condition, with their gaping wounds,
Lay dead or dying; thoſe alive are found
Unable to inter the dead, or help
Thoſe at the point of death; here in ſmall room
Is ſeen diſplay'd the heavieſt curſe of war,
The ſufferings of a city cloſe beſieg'd;
No place to fly to, no ſecure retreat
From danger imminent, but all expos'd
Alike to ſickneſs, famine, and thoſe dire
Deſtructive ſtorms, where ſudden death deſcends
In flaming iron ſhowers both night and day,
The which all their attempts to ſhun are vain.
Their houſes, once their ſafety, now become
A general conflagration, and ſtill add
Diſtraction to deſtruction; none exempt
From this deep complicated ſcene of woe;
The father's care avails not, nor the cries
Of raving mothers, who behold at once
Huſband and children in a moment daſh'd
To atoms in their ſight, ne'er more to ſee
A tender huſband's kind endearing ſmiles;
No more to hear, with fond maternal joy,
The ſweet and prattling tongue of innocence,
Liſping half words, and clinging round her neck

With ſoft endearments; but at once bereav'd
Of all ſhe lov'd, of all her earthly joy.
The blooming virgin, whoſe acute diſtreſs
Brings floods of ſorrow from her beauteous eyes,
Like pearly dew-drops trickling down the leaves
Of the expanded roſe, now pale with fear,
And then a gleam of hope, with crimſon dye
Her native hue o'erſpreads her lovely face.
The heart muſt pity, but what hand can ſave
Her from the general doom! A hiſſing ſhell,
Remorſeleſs meſſenger, with ſudden burſt,
That fair enchanting ſhape lays in the duſt,
A prey to foul corruption! Could theſe men,
Whoſe towering pride, or griping avarice,
Or fierce ambition, is the firſt great cauſe
Of all theſe deſolating ſcenes of woe,
But for a moment ſee them, their hard hearts,
Tho' caſ'd in adamant, muſt feel remorſe;
Or could the guilty but themſelves alone
Suſtain the ſhock, their ſufferings would be view'd
With leſs regret, ſelf-ſought and ſelf-provok'd.
But purblind cuſtom has long ſince decreed
Quite the reverſe; theſe very men, through whom
Such ſanguinary wars are wag'd, and who
Obtain the chief advantage, are themſelves
Exempt from every danger or diſtreſs

Therewith connected, while th' enormous weight
Of complicated ruin falls on thoſe
Whoſe unambitious ſtate and innocence
The wavering hand of juſtice *ſhould* protect.
Alberto once was happy, once enjoy'd
All that a man can taſte of human bliſs:
He lov'd Eliza with the pureſt flame,
Nor lov'd in vain; her tender boſom felt
The ſame pure paſſion, and Heav'n join'd their hands,
Whoſe hearts it join'd before in mutual love.
Her form was fairer than the bluſhing morn,
When Phœbus gilds with gold the mountain tops
And dappled clouds; freſh as the new-blown roſe,
Impearl'd with morning dew; the laughing Loves
Play'd in the ſoft'ning beams of her bright eyes
With wanton ſmiles, and ſweeteſt influence ſhed;
Each eye beheld with rapture, as ſhe paſs'd,
A form ſo lovely, creature ſo divine,
Following her graceful ſteps with eager gaze,
And loſing with regret th' enchanting view.
But though her outward form was ſo adorn'd,
Her mind was ſtill more bright; no haughty pride,
No ſelfiſh vanity, e'er dimm'd her face;
But unaffected modeſty and meek
Demeanor grac'd her every word or act;

Benignity her lovely boſom fill'd;
Ready to ſympathize with the diſtreſs'd,
Her ſoul was melted with the tale of woe,
And ſoft Compaſſion warm'd her tender heart.
Far from the buſy ſcenes of men remov'd,
The paraſitic court, the city's noiſe,
And labyrinths dark of faſhionable vice,
Pleas'd with the charms of rural ſolitude,
They liv'd retir'd; a ſmall eſtate ſupply'd
Their every want, and oft reliev'd their poor
And humble neighbors, who return'd the gifts
In fervent gratitude and love unfeign'd:
A blooming boy, the firſt-fruits of their love,
Who ſcarce three ſummers ſaw, their boſoms fill'd
With fondeſt hopes; and now high fate ſupreme
Smil'd on their heads, and promis'd many days
Of permanent and ſolid bliſs, but ſmil'd
Deceitful: ſuch the tempting calm, which oft
Precedes a violent ſtorm; th' unwary ſhip,
In all her gaudy trappings, proudly glides
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the wat'ry waſte,
Unconſcious of her danger; ſuddenly
The howling tempeſt breaks; her ſwelling ſails
Are fritter'd into rags; the rain deſcends,
The glaring lightnings flaſh, the thunders roar,
And quickly all her pride is whelm'd beneath

The foaming ſurge: ſuch was the ſhort-liv'd bliſs
That hapleſs pair poſſeſs'd. Supremely wiſe
Is our Almighty Maker, nor leſs wiſe
Than good, to hide from prying man, in dark
Impenetrable ignorance, th' events
With which to-morrow's pregnant: could we ſee
Thro' future times, and read our lot thro' life,
In Fate's eternal volume, then were we
Completely wretched; univerſal Hope,
That Goddeſs heavenly born, whoſe cheering rays
Gild every ſuffering hour in human life,
Would be no more; the bleſſings we poſſeſs'd
Would be o'erlook'd, and all our trembling thoughts
With horror fix'd on the approaching ills;
While ſtrong imagination magnify'd
Each mole-hill to a mountain: Death at laſt,
Glaring in all his terrors, tho' beheld
At greateſt diſtance, yet if ſtill in view,
Its manner, time, and place, with all its grim
Concomitants, would drive the fearful ſoul
To madneſs. Thus, in happy ignorance
Of that black tempeſt gathering o'er their heads,
Pregnant with every ill they had to fear,
They live in ſweet tranquillity, and ſmiles
Of love and pleaſure brighten every hour.

Now

Now o'er the fruitful plains, with hoſtile frown,
Contending armies bend their waſteful track,
While Ceres weeps to ſee her golden ſtores
Trod under foot remorſeleſs. From the camp,
The lawleſs ſons of plunder, far and wide,
Range o'er the country 'round, in ſearch of prey,
Diſdaining orders, or the coward fears
Of puniſhment; and often, to prevent
Detection, ſcruple not to ſpill the blood
Of hapleſs innocence, and thus to add
Murder to rapine, cruelty, and luſt.
The village peaſants, from their daily toil
At eve return'd, with glowing health their cheeks
Crimſon'd all o'er, and in their hearts content.
No proud ambition, rankling in their breaſts,
Abſorbs all other comforts; few their wants,
And them their honeſt induſtry ſupplies.
Some, now retir'd to reſt, with hearts at eaſe;
Others, in ſocial and domeſtic peace
Paſs round the harmleſs jeſt, or, liſt'ning, hear
The tale of feign'd diſtreſs; of goblins dire,
Or frightful ghoſts, that, hov'ring o'er church-yards
And unfrequented ſhades, at midnight ſeen;
Others by moonlight dancing on the green,
While rural muſic guides their untaught ſteps;
Or round the ſpreading oak their gambols play,

Till

Till panting, breathleſs, down they ſit, and tell
Their tales of artleſs love; no guilt yet ſtains
Their youthful boſoms, nor that courtly vice,
The pride and boaſt of millions, and their ſhame,
Abhor'd ſeduction; ſimple nature ſpeaks
In all their words ſincere; their mutual vows
Of conſtancy, their ſighs, and promiſes,
Were ſuch as love ſincere and virtue own'd.
Thus bleſt with competence and ſweet content,
The ſeaſons gently paſs, and firm old age
Comes on unheeded. Cheerful thus their days,
In ſweet tranquillity their nights they paſs,
Nor envy jarring monarchs; when, behold,
To damp their joys, ruſh'd ſudden from the camp
A ruffian band, whoſe cruel hearts ne'er felt
The power of meek-ey'd Pity: terrify'd,
And dumb with fear, the villagers behold
Their fierce invaders come with threat'ning looks,
And hard relentleſs hearts, on miſchief bent.
The children ſcream aloud, the women weep,
And fearful apprehenſion ſhakes the frame
Of trembling age; while manhood, overpower'd,
Vain deems reſiſtance; hardly dare they urge
Their humble ſupplication, though they ſee
Inevitable ruin on their heads
Faſt falling. Some, with fierce and cruel rage,

Wan-

Wantonly cut and mangle, or drive off
Cattle of all deſcriptions; ſome ranſack
Their houſes, and inhumanly deſtroy
What cannot be remov'd; and oft the flames,
Thoſe once delightful cots, the calm retreat
Of humble innocence and ſweet content,
Conſign to heaps of aſhes; others fierce,
Inflam'd with helliſh luſt, and to complete
The ſcene of miſery, even dare pollute
The ſacred robe of Chaſtity, and drag
The weeping virgin from her parents arms
To worſe than death! Such dangers to eſcape,
Into a neighboring city, large and ſtrong,
Th' affrighted peaſants fly, as deeming that
Their only refuge from the threat'ning jaws
Of lawleſs plunder. Soon Alberto caught
The loud alarm, and, urg'd by love and fear,
Haſtens to ſend his lovely, loving wife
Where ſafety might be found: ſhe and her ſon
Their ſad departure took, while he remain'd
To order ſome concerns of great import,
Intending ſoon to follow; with deep ſighs
They part reluctant from their laſt embrace,
The big round tear ſtarts from his eye, and down
His manly cheek faſt trickles, while his tongue
Faltering pronounc'd the long and laſt adieu.

She, ſunk in deep diſtreſs, like Niobe
Melting in ſtreams of ſorrow, while her breaſt
Heav'd with convulſive pangs of ſpeechleſs woe,
Her journey ſad begins; the thund'ring ſound
Of cannon, from the neighb'ring hills, announc'd
The armies near, and hoſtile deeds begun:
No time was to be loſt; with eager look
They view each other, waving one adieu,
And then another, till the envious ſhades
Intrude between to cloſe the gloomy ſcene.
Scarce had her friend with hoſpitable care
Welcom'd her to the city, when, behold
The ponderous gates are ſhut, the trumpet loud
Sounds the alarm, and calls her martial bands
To arms; her threat'ning foes with ſpeed advance;
And with the morning light the glittering camp
Appears on ev'ry ſide; and thus hemm'd in,
All entrance or departure is forbid.
War now aſſumes its darkeſt frown, and foams
Impatient for the battle; ravenous death,
Hovering all 'round in diſmal ſhade, ſeems pleas'd,
And licks his gory jaws with horrid ſmile,
Smelling to morrow's carnage: nor leſs wild,
The tumult rag'd in poor Eliza's breaſt;
A huſband left behind, his fate unknown,
But fears the worſt; her ſon, her only ſon,

The living image of her much-lov'd lord,
Her ſole remaining comforts now expos'd
To dangers imminent: he ſoon, alas!
(Myſterious Providence) was alſo torn
From his diſtracted parent! Ere the ſun
Had thrice with Thetis ſupp'd, and gladly turn'd
His eyes from viewing the mad acts of men
Deſtroying one another, wing'd with death
A flaming meſſenger deſcends, and ſoon
His houſe became his grave! his mother, ſav'd
Amidſt the general wreck, tho' courting death,
She envy'd him. His troubles now are o'er;
Cut off before he felt the load of life;
He leap'd that gulf of human miſery,
Where rankling care, and dark foreboding fears,
And headſtrong paſſions, toſs the weary ſoul
In one continu'd tempeſt through the ſea
Of human life. The ſlender, wavering hope
Of once again beholding him ſhe lov'd
Better than life alone ſupported her
In ſuch a dangerous harſh captivity.
The rude alarms of war, the ſhrieks of pain,
The groans of death, the ſight of mangled dead,
The roaring cannon, and the furious ſhocks
Of mingled war, ſo foreign to her ſex;
Dreadful by nature to the female frame;

Where ſoft Timidity, Compaſſion, Love,
And Tenderneſs, their meek dominion hold,
Her nothing mov'd. Oppreſs'd with the dire load
Of her own miſery, ſhe now beheld,
With ſtrange indifference not her own, the worſt
That could befal; even inſtant threat'ning death
Was far leſs dreadful to her than the thought
Of no more ſeeing him for whom alone
She wiſh'd to live; all other cares and fears
Nought troubled her, for he poſſeſs'd her ſoul.
But now a parley ſounds, the city yields;
The roaring cannon and the claſhing arms
Give place to muſic's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt notes;
Like ſunſhine after a black thunder-ſtorm,
A general gladneſs brightens ev'ry face,
Save thoſe whoſe poignant grief admits no cure;
Their loſſes irreparable they mourn;
A huſband, wife, or child, or parent loſt,
And their once happy home a mould'ring heap
Of ſhapeleſs ruin. Now elate with hope,
And on the wings of ardent love, with ſpeed
Eliza haſtens to behold her dear,
Her long-loſt huſband. Soon ſhe reach'd the ſcene
Of their once happy days; her ſervants call'd;
They, glad, with ſwift obedience to her flew,
Rejoicing to behold her once again

Whoſe loſs they long had mourn'd. " Where is my
" lord?"
Fager ſhe cries. Alas! unhappy fair,
Never ſhall thy bright eyes behold him more!
Again ſhe aſk'd; their troubled ſilence ſpake
More forcible than words; trembling and pale,
She read her anſwer in their looks, and ſtraight,
Impatient of ſuſpenſe, ſhe gave command
To tell whate'er they knew, and nought conceal,
On pain of her diſpleaſure; ſtill falſe hope
Fluttered around her heart, and ſeem'd to ſay
That all might yet be well; when forth approach'd
A faithful old domeſtic, hard his taſk,
Yet with ſubmiſſive ſpeech he thus began:
" Madam, before two days and nights had paſs'd,
" After you left us, our moſt gracious lord
" Had ordered every thing as he intended;
" Each had his part aſſigned him, how to act
" To friend or foe; and ev'ry thing of worth
" Was carefully conceal'd. He then in haſte
" Flew after you; but ere he reach'd the town,
" A band of ſoldiers intercepted him,
" Demanding with authority his name
" And buſineſs, and with barbarous inſolence
" Call'd him a ſpy, and threaten'd inſtant death,
" If he did not diſcover all he knew,

" And anſwer truly all that they ſhould aſk:
" He, conſcious of his innocence, ill brook'd
" Such treatment vile and accuſation falſe,
" With loſs of liberty, yet ſtill he judg'd
" Patient ſubmiſſion beſt; he begg'd, he pray'd,
" He urg'd his innocence, he urg'd his love,
" He told them all his heart, but all in vain;
" Their breaſts were ſteel'd againſt humanity,
" And ſooner might his tears diſſolve a flint
" Than melt their ſavage hearts: what could he do?
" Frantic with rage, with love, and ſad deſpair,
" His reaſon falter'd; loaded now with chains,
" He lay deplorable; till, in a fit
" Of madden'd rage, he caught a ſword, and ſtruck
" One of his guard; the man return'd the blow,
" And laid him ſenſeleſs, weltering in his gore.
" Alas, too cruel, too ſevere revenge!
" Their general, now acquainted, tho' too late,
" With all his cruel ſufferings, and the cauſe,
" In kind commiſeration brought him home,
" Saw dreſs'd his wounds, and every kindly aid
" Within his power commanded, but in vain;
" Scarce had he reach'd his chamber, when the cold,
" Chill hand of death o'ertook him! patiently,
" In meek ſubmiſſion, he reſign'd his ſoul,
" And with his lateſt breath ſigh'd forth your name."

He

He ended,—for his words, like poiſon'd darts,
Had piere'd Eliza's heart; ſhe now perceiv'd
Her fears were true, her ſoothing hopes were loſt,
For ever loſt. Horror, and dark'ning clouds
Of agonizing woe and fell deſpair,
Hung 'round her trembling ſoul; her beauteous eyes,
Where reaſon's light, and nature's ſpark divine,
Refulgent ſhone, a ſudden darkneſs dimm'd!
Her tender, lovely frame, o'erwhelm'd beneath
The floods of grief that ruſh'd upon her ſoul,
Sunk down, while Reaſon, ſtarting from her ſeat,
To wild delirium gave the ſlacken'd reins;
Loudly ſhe rav'd, and with each falling breath
Coupled her ſon and murder'd huſband's names
With ſtrange abſurdities, till nature ſunk
Under ſuch weight of woe; the poignant grief
With which her heart had been ſo long ſurcharg'd
Soon burſt its cordage; tardy Death, who long
His threaten'd ſtroke withheld, now eas'd that pain
No other hand could do; her heavenly part,
Releaſed from its lovely priſon, flew
Up to the regions of eternal day,
Beyond the reach of ſorrow, death, or pain.
With pious care her lifeleſs clay they dreſs
With funeral rites, and with unfeigned grief

Con-

Convey'd her to her late dear huſband's grave;
Them ſide by ſide they laid, their troubles o'er,
To reſt in peace till the laſt trumpet ſounds.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT

TO

BOOK II.

THOUGHTS on the ways of Providence, in permitting the misery and misfortunes of humble innocence, and the peaceful prosperity of the most shameless depravity, The approach of winter, on which the army takes shelter in their cantonments; the consequent distresses of the inhabitants during that period; with which the happy tranquillity of Great Britain is contrasted. The severe effects of the frost, exemplified in the story of William and Maria. The approach of spring. The army ordered home, and the fleet drawing near the British shore, part of which sails up the Thames to Greenwich. The story of Edgar and Arabella.

THE

CAMPAIGN.

BOOK II.

IF loathſome Vice merits due puniſhment,
And we pronounce its wretched exit juſt,
We thence conclude, that Virtue, heavenly fair,
Should be rewarded with ſelicity,
Even here on earth; and yet we frequent ſee
The ſtrange reverſe in every ſtage of life,
While Reaſon, wondering, aſks, why is it thus,
That ſpotleſs Innocence ſhould fall a prey
To all the miſeries of human life;
While Guilt, atrocious Guilt, not only 'ſcapes
Deſerved puniſhment, but frequent meets
With great ſucceſs, with glorious rich rewards,
And lives and dies in ſplendor: while oppreſs'd

With

With proud contempt, heart-pinching poverty,
And public ſcorn, fair Virtue begs her bread
From door to door, in deſpicable guiſe,
And ſinks in death unnotic'd and unknown?
Canſt thou, O reaſoning mortal! call to life
The meaneſt inſect, or prolong thy own
Beyond th' appointed hour? Canſt thou command
The clouds to pour their genial moiſture down,
Or ſtop their ſluices? Can thy potent word
Arreſt the tempeſt in its fierce career,
Or turn its waſteful courſe? Will thunder own
Thee for its lord, and at thy bidding rend
The angry clouds with loud and awful voice;
Or canſt thou check its rapid hiſſing bolts,
Launch'd from the boſom of yon opening ſheet
Of keen ethereal flame? Will the great deep,
That hidden world of waters, hear thy voice,
And at thy pleaſure ſmooth her ruffled brow;
Or from the dreadful caverns of her womb,
Ten thouſand fathoms from the face of day,
Yield thee her treaſures up? Can thy ſtrong arm
Impede the ſun, or ſtop his flaming courſe?
Didſt thou launch forth, or does thy power ſuſpend
Theſe planetary orbs; didſt thou preſcribe
Their various orbits through the vaſt expanſe,
And all their motions regular ordain?

Thy piercing eye, whoſe beams a grain of ſand
An atom oft doth quench, can doubtleſs ſee
Th' infinite hoſt of ſtars, that ſparkling ſhine
Through the deep regions of ſurrounding ſpace!
Know'ſt thou their wond'rous diſtance, or their names,
Their inhabitants, if any, nature, powers,
Or ſcale they bear in the ſtupendous whole;
Or can the boaſted powers of thy great mind,
Deſcry the ſecrets of a future world,
Or graſp eternity? If theſe thou can'ſt,
Then may thy reaſoning powers attempt to ſcan,
With apiſh eye, the works and ways of HIM,
Whoſe great and glorious attributes tranſcend
The high Archangels, infinitely more
Than man, earth's haughty lord, excels the worm.
Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?
Thoſe whom he loves he chaſtens, not in wrath,
But with a father's love, to check their pride,
And bring them back from hurtful vain purſuits
To him, their ſtrength when weak, their life in death;
From whom alone their expectations flow,
In time, and for eternity. This oft
Becomes a ſtumbling block, an high offence
To multitudes, who view the beauteous form
Of pure Religion, through Affliction's dark
And gloomy medium; hence they treat with ſcorn

Her

Her proffer'd aid, and ſeek for happineſs
In ſublunary toys, but ſeek in vain;
Or truſt on what is certain to deceive
When moſt its aid they want—the hour of death.
Suppoſe a life of three or fourſcore years,
Dragg'd on through poverty, contempt, and pain,
But temper'd with the beams of heavenly grace,
A Savior's love, and ſenſe of ſins forgiv'n:
On the other hand, ſee one exalted ſit
On Fortune's pinnacle, to whom, as due,
The wondering world at awful diſtance bend
With reverence profound, as earth's ſole lord.
Yet, tho' thus diſtant far their outward ſtate,
Their minds, the ſeat of real happineſs,
Or miſery, more near aſſimilate.
The poor, the wretched, have their pleaſing hopes;
Which, like a ſun-beam, oft diſpels the gloom
Of ſublunary woes. The rich, the great,
Have oft their hours of dark ſolicitude:
The pain of check'd ambition, humbled pride,
And loſs of wealth, imbitters many lives,
And renders wretched whom the world calls bleſt!
Not rich nor poor, but virtue fair, and vice,
The real difference makes, when from on high
The ſovereign mandate comes, and Death, his dart
Brandiſh'd aloft, ruthleſs, prepares to lay

The demi-god and beggar in the duſt
Without diſtinction. Now upon the verge
Of dread eternity, the ſaint ſurveys,
In rapturous joy, the glory of that ſtate
Juſt opening to his view; the world's vain ſhow
He counts as droſs, and griſly Death, diſarm'd
Of all his terrors, is to him no foe;
But welcom'd as the meſſenger of peace,
To bring him to that manſion long prepar'd
For his reception, when this fight is o'er,
The regions of eternal joy and love.

Thoſe who deſpiſe, and ſtrangers are to grace,
Trembling behold Death clad in all his frowns;
Their joys behind, darkneſs and doubt before;
They ſtand on Time's high precipice, and look
With horror on the dark abyſs below,
In which they ſoon muſt plunge, eternity!
Eternity! where even a Newton's thoughts
Are loſt, as breath evaporates in air.
No hope to graſp at, heaven's great king their foe;
Cloth'd in omnipotence, with vengeance arm'd!
And all on which they built their former truſt
Vaniſh'd like ſmoke amidſt a raging ſtorm.

How fleeting are the ſcenes of human life,
Like the great ocean, never ſtanding ſtill;
This moment flows in ſweet proſperity,

The next recedes, and ebbs in deep diſtreſs.
Great empires have their riſe, height, and decline;
Armies now conquer, then repulſion meet,
And every man, monarch as well as ſlave,
Has each their ſhade and ſun-ſhine. Thus we're born,
Launch'd on the ſea of time, there toſs'd and driv'n
By paſſion's tempeſt down the ſtream of life,
Nor reſt can find, till on the awful ſhore
Of immortality we land at laſt.

The opening beauties of the grateful ſpring,
The blooming glow of ſummer, and the pride
Of yellow autumn, ſmiling on her ſtores,
Are now departed. From the angry north
Keen winter comes, and in her bluſtering train
The hollow tempeſt flies with drenched wings,
Both cold and damp, and o'er both earth and ſea
Diffuſes ſadneſs; hoary-headed froſt,
With petrifying look, comes fierce and grim,
And as he paſſes binds in iron chains
Both earth and water. Oft he fain would act
The guileful hypocrite's deceitful part,
And o'er his cruel viſage throws the veil
Of virgin ſnow, the hue of innocence;
While in his breaſt ſevere ferocity
And death remorſeleſs dwell. Stern he defies

The

The languid noontide beams, now ſloping low,
And nature ſeems to ſicken. From the plains
The armies now are driven, and ſhelter ſeek
Beneath the friendly cot; each village throng'd
With rude intruders who no welcome aſk,
And none regard. Trembling the peaſants ſee
Their houſes throng'd with faces terrible,
And glittering arms; their property conſum'd
Before their eyes, their ears aſſail'd with ſpeech
Both loud and fierce, but never underſtood,
And huſband, wife, and children, circumſcrib'd
To ſome ſmall nook, though in their own domain.
Now thouſands driv'n by violence or fear
From all they e'er poſſeſs'd, their native home,
Wander diſconſolate, deſtitute, and ſad,
From place to place, with terror in their looks;
Flying ſtill farther at the diſtant ſound
Of the approaching war. Oftentimes they caſt
A wiſhful eye behind, towards the place
Where childiſh innocence and youthful love
Firſt warm'd their boſoms, and with fruitleſs tears
Lament the loſs of all they love; yet hope
Still animates and cheers their drooping hearts,
That ſoon the ſtorm of war o'erblown, mild peace
Will then return, and they again return
With joy enhanc'd by abſence ſo ſevere.

They

They do return, but melancholy ſcenes
Of ſudden devaſtation meet the eye;
The ſtately avenue, whoſe lengthen'd view
Once pleas'd the eye, whoſe proſpects regular
Swell'd on the ſight, and from the ſcorching heat
Of ſummer's noontide beams the traveller faint
Gladly reliev'd; the tall ſequeſter'd grove,
Whoſe winding walks high over arch'd ſublime,
Impervious to the ſun, and fit retreat
For contemplation mild, and ſweet content,
Sacred to ſilence, ſave the warbling notes
Of feathered ſongſters, or the burning ſighs
Of love, and vows of conſtancy and truth:
All theſe are levell'd with their parent earth,
To ſatisfy th' innumerable wants
Of ever-craving war. Their cottages
Ranſack'd of all they value, or perhaps
Dilapidation and devouring flames
Have left, where once their happy dwelling ſtood,
A heap of ruins, and themſelves expos'd,
Thus deſtitute, to famine, ſickneſs, death.

Hail, happy Albion! though thy warlike ſons
Carry the thundering terror of thy arms
To diſtant ſhores, yet ſmiling Peace preſides
Within thy boſom. On thy fruitful plains,
And rich encloſures, no encampments reſt,

And, like the Egyptian locuſts, all around
Spread deſolation. In thy pleaſant groves,
And ſtately avenues, no axe is heard
By hundreds and by thouſands, levelling all
Without controul; and making, what appear'd
To day a paradiſe, to-morrow ſeem
A barren deſert. In thy calm retreats,
The pleaſant villa, and the peaceful vale,
Where love and innocence delight to dwell,
No hoſtile armies meet to drive you hence,
To violate your virgins, or your wives,
Or doom your happy reſidence, your all,
To ſudden conflagration. In your ſtreets
No roaring cannon ſtrikes your trembling hearts
With ſore diſmay; and while the young, the old,
All cling around, not knowing what to do,
Or where to fly: a ball ſtrikes through and through,
Or ſwift a ſhell deſcends, and all involv'd
In fire and ſmoke, your houſe becomes your grave.
But, highly-favoured Iſle! thoſe ills are far
From thee remov'd; and may heaven's mighty King,
Whoſe ſovereign nod all nations muſt obey,
Preſerve thee ſtill in unity and peace!

Out-braving all the rigours of the clime,
The armies ſtill diſdain thoughts of repoſe,
And night and day, by ſtratagem or force,

To haraſs and perplex each other try
Their utmoſt efforts. Inundations wide,
And rapid rivers, whoſe impetuous ſtreams
Laſh'd with indignant wave the ſtruggling bark,
And baffled navigation; now, behold!
Are by the breath of heav'n congeal'd, and form
One ſolid rock, or wide-extended plain,
Of ſhining chryſtal, paſſable to all
The ponderous train of huge artillery
As on a level pavement; where erewhile
The fiſhes ſported in the gentle wave
Fearleſs and undiſturb'd, now armies join
In bloody fray, and foaming ſquadrons prance.
Dark was the fatal night, and angry heav'n
Frown'd out in tempeſt on the guilty world,
When William and his fair late-wedded ſpouſe,
Maria, with her infant in her arms,
Benighted and diſconſolate, ſat down
Under a ſhrub in the wide howling waſte.
William was young, and though of common rank,
Yet genuine Britiſh blood flow'd in his veins;
His courage noble, generous to his foes
As well as friends, and faithful to his king
And country's cauſe. Maria, fair and young,
His firſt and only love, by her belov'd
Better than life; his ever-faithful friend

In weal or woe. No danger could deter
Her gentle ſoul from ſharing all his fate:
Their tender mutual love and care oft ſmooth'd
The harſh aſperities of martial life;
With kind ſolicitude they ſought to bear
Each other's burden, both in care and toil,
And all their pleaſure was and ſole delight
To make each other happy. He that day,
Ere morning light dawn'd o'er the ſnowy plains,
Had with his fellow-ſoldiers travell'd long
And weary; while Maria by his ſide,
With ſtrength and courage more than feminine,
Wreſtled againſt the furious northern blaſt,
Whoſe raging violence whirl'd up clouds of ſand
Mingled with drifted ſnow, ruſhing along
The parched deſert. Down her lovely cheeks
Fatigue exceſſive often forc'd the tears,
Trickling in ſilence, which the bitter air
Froze as they fell; while in her arms the babe,
Stiffen'd with cold, in feeble plaintive cries
Pierc'd their bleeding hearts; they knew his wants,
His ſufferings, with their own; but here no help,
Aſſiſtance none for him or them is found.
But now the horrors of a darkſome night
To all their troubles add a keener edge;
Their ſtrength and hopes decreaſing as the night

Gloomy aroſe; no town or city near,
Whoſe lofty domes and tow'ring ſpires might bleſs
Their weeping eyes, and fix their wavering hope;
Not even a lonely cot or veſtige ſeen
Of human habitation; all was wild
Far as the duſk horizon; drooping, ſad,
Hearts full of anguiſh, bodies full of pain,
Weary, exhauſted, down they ſit beneath
Th' inviting ſhelter of a frizzled buſh,
Whoſe angry briſtles brav'd the northern blaſt
With hollow whiſtling ſound. Soon balmy Sleep,
Death's image, now his harbinger, conſigns
Them both to reſt; and, every ſenſe faſt bound
In ſweet forgetfulneſs, the driving ſnow,
The bleak and parching winds, no more they feel,
And even within the yawning jaws of death
Find ſweet repoſe, unconſcious of their fate.
'Twas now the diſmal hour, when from their graves
In hideous forms the vexed ſpirits riſe,
Whoſe glare terrific ſhakes the human frame,
And ſtrikes the ſtartled ſoul with troubled thoughts
Unſpeakable. This alſo is the hour
When Luxury and Riot join their hands,
Exulting in the havoc nightly made
Among their votaries. Ah! ye little think,
Who loll at eaſe in your warm palaces,

Whoſe ſumptuous boards the richeſt viands deck
In wild profuſion; while the ſparkling wine
And ſmiling nectar, flow in copious ſtreams,
How many wretches, at this dreary hour
Loſt and benighted, ſcatter'd o'er theſe plains,
Famiſh'd with want, and wither'd by the froſt,
Lie gaſping their laſt breath!* At that dead hour,
When happy love and innocence enjoy
Tranquil repoſe beneath the downy wings
Of health-reviving ſleep, William awoke,
Awoke to ten-fold horrors; all around
Darkneſs and deſolation met his eye
With more than midnight gloom; groaning, he cries,
Maria, hear! awake, my Love! my Life,
Why haſt thou turn'd from me? Awake, and tell
Thy William all thy plaints. His quiv'ring ſpeech
No anſwer brought; half-rais'd he turn'd, and took

* This was literally the unhappy fate of a great number of both ſexes on the night of the 16th of January, 1795, as the Britiſh army purſued its route through the uninhabited parts of the province of Guelders. The commanding officers of theſe corps, who had taken ſhelter in the villages on the edge of the deſert, ſent out a number of men, with horſes and waggons, as ſoon as it was light on the morning of the 17th, in order to aſſiſt thoſe who had not been able to come up, or, through the darkneſs of the preceding night, had loſt their way. Theſe people, in the ſhort circuit which they made, diſcovered a conſiderable number already dead, and brought in ſome who were yet alive, few of whom ſurvived their misfortune many days.

Her gently by the hand; but, O, ye heavens!
What anguiſh ſeiz'd his ſoul! he felt, he ſaw,
His lovely, loving, tender, faithful wife,
His ſole delight on earth, ſtretch'd by his ſide,
A breathleſs corſe! Acroſs her clay-cold breaſt
Lay ſtretch'd her lifeleſs babe, whoſe open eyes,
And features all compos'd, ſeem'd yet to ſmile
Upon the angry heavens. William awhile,
In ſpeechleſs grief, beheld the ſudden wreck
Of all his joys; ſometimes upon the dead
His eyes he fix'd, then on the ſullen gloom
Of wide ſurrounding night; while in his breaſt
Convulſive pangs of ſwelling ſorrow choak'd
All utterance, ſave in deep heart-piercing groans,
Which, having ſpent their rage, at length his words
In broken accents thus found out their way:
O Thou, who on the wings of tempeſt rides
Omnipotent! who to the raging ſea
Said, "Peace, be ſtill!"—the foaming billows heard
Their Maker's voice, and with obſequious haſte
Sunk to a calm—ſpeak peace, for thou alone
Can peace impart to ſuch a breaſt as mine,
Where all terreſtrial hope and peace is loſt,
Forever loſt to me! O why doſt thou,
Cruel remembrance, thus torment my ſoul,
And ſet before me all thoſe happy days

Which now are fled! How oft, in rapt'rous joy,
My head I've lean'd upon theſe panting breaſts,
Soft as the down of roſes, and as fair
As that rude ſnow, which, like her winding ſheet,
Now hides them from me, while my liſtening ears,
Hung on the tender accents of her tongue
With unabating fondneſs. See thoſe eyes,
Thoſe beauteous eyes! in whoſe heart-cheering beams
The ſmiling loves ſat playing, now are clos'd
In death's eternal night, no more to ſhine
On hapleſs me! How often, Indian like,
Have I ador'd them, as they do the ſun,
Whoſe ſov'reign influence animates and cheers
The wide creation; ſo from them I drew
Deep draughts of love, my happineſs, my life!
Ah me! that beauteous face, how cold, how pale,
Yet lovely even in death! untimely cropt,
Like ſome ſweet flower half-blown! And thou, dear babe,
A tender bud, ill-ſhelter'd from the ſtorms
Of angry fate, thou too art gone, and left
Thy wretched father here to mourn alone
The loſs of root and branch! Diſperſe, ye clouds;
Shine forth ye ſtars; and, O bright moon, look through
Theſe horrid frowns of night, that I may ſee
More plain this lovely ruin! Here I'll gaze

Until mine eye-ſtrings break, my big heart burſt;
For never, never, will I leave thee more.
Maria! ſhall I call thee? Ah! no more
Thou hear'ſt thy William's voice! Ye angels, tell
Me what dear name ſhe bears in your high heavens,
And I'll repeat it with ſuch fervent breath,
That even theſe howling winds ſhall pity me,
And blow more gentle. Were it then for this,
Ill-fated woman! Were it then for this
Thou left thy native ſhore to follow me
Through all the rude alarms of cruel war?
Were it for this thou left thy father's houſe,
Thy tender mother, and thy loving friends?
Is this then the reward of thy fond love
To ſuch a wretch as me? A love ſo ſtrong,
So pure, ſo conſtant, that th' infinite depth
Of ocean could not quench it; thus to fall
Like one of nature's outcaſts, loſt, forlorn,
Even in thy laſt extremity, when round
Theſe lips, then trembling in the pangs of death,
Thy ſoul hung quiv'ring, doubtful, like the flame
Of an exhauſted torch, long loath to leave
Its lovely tenement; thy huſband here,
Whoſe duty 'twas to help, to comfort thee,
Sunk in a death-like ſleep. He ſaw thee not,
To cloſe theſe beauteous eyes; nor heard thee ſpeak

The laſt dear accents of the ſweeteſt tongue
That ever charm'd his ear; no houſe to ſcreen
Thee from the chilling ſtorm, but thus to fall
In this dark dreary wilderneſs, unſeen,
Forſaken, far from every human aid,
No eye to pity, and no hand to help.
O hide your heads, ye ſtars! and thou, fair moon,
Look not on me! Blow ſtill more fierce, ye winds,
And from the dreadful regions of the north
Bring all your plagues, and hurl them on my head
Without remorſe! And thou, eternal night,
Bring from thy dread domain, where chaos reigns,
A cloud of tenfold darkneſs, horror-fraught,
And plunge me to the centre, never more
To ſee the glorious ſun or mortal eye.
Ah! could ye rather hide me from myſelf,
Me, the curſt author, the efficient cauſe
Of all this weight of woe. Why did I firſt,
(It was my choice) e'er tempt the winds and ſeas,
And quit that happy iſle to ſeek a name,
To graſp a ſhadow, and purſue the wind?
Why did I ſuffer her, my better half,
Thus to expoſe that tender lovely frame
In the rough ſcenes of war, to hunger, cold,
Fatigue, to ſtrong temptations, ſickneſs, want,
And now, at laſt, to death itſelf. Oh break,

My

My throbbing heart! for me ſhe left her home,
For me ſhe loſt her peace, yet ſtill ſhe lov'd!
For me ſhe ſuffer'd, thus for me ſhe died!
But ſtop, wild thoughts, where will ye lead me?
ſtop.
Friends, though they part on earth, [they meet in
heav'n.
And ſhall we meet again? Shall I behold
Thee, dear Maria! in yon happy climes
Of immortality and endleſs joy,
A glorious angel? Shall I hear thy voice,
Singing in love and ſweet harmonious ſtrains
Our dear Redeemer's praiſe?—I ſhall, and ſoon,
O ſoul reviving thought! for now I feel
My ſtrength decay'd, my limbs deny their aid,
And, wither'd by the keen and parching froſt,
Are dead already. Yet, O let me turn
To thee, thou dear, thou lovely piece of clay,
And preſs my breaſt to thine! Again my heart
Bleeds at the dear remembrance of thy love!
Here let it bleed; here will I breathe my laſt
On thy dear boſom, nor ſhall life or death
E'er part us more. "Father of heaven and earth,
Who, to redeem loſt mankind from the depth
Of ſin and endleſs ruin, gave thy Son,
Thine only Son, to ſuffer, and to bear

Infinite wrath, and ſatisfy the claim
Juſtice divine demands for rebel man;
For me, for all who ſcorn not and reject
The day of grace and mercy; now vouchſafe
Thy mighty aid, which oft thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To me in perils great; remove thoſe clouds
Of ſin, of unbelief, which riſe between
Me and my Saviour's face. My guilt is great,
But greater is thy love, who groan'd and dy'd
Upon th' accurſed tree. He paid my debt,
He ſeal'd my pardon, with his guiltleſs blood;
And now I ſee his face without a frown;
He bids me come, and ſmiles immortal love
To my departing ſpirit. Into thy arms
I come, O Savior dear, receive my ſoul!"

He ſaid; and, on his dear Maria's breaſt
His head reclining, while his arm embrac'd
His lifeleſs babe, with reſignation ſweet
He heav'd a gentle ſigh, and then expir'd:
The driving ſnow ſtopp'd to behold ſuch woe,
Shed a ſoft tear, then kindly ſhrouds them all.

Now tripping comes, with youthful vigor flush'd,
In robes of azure light, ſweet ſmiling Spring;
At her approach old ſurly Winter ſlinks
Back to his dreary regions in the north:
Where'er ſhe treads reviving Nature ſmiles;

The fields, the meadows, and the foreſt brown,
Forget their ſadneſs, and with joyous pride
Put on their annual veſt of lovely green,
To hail her welcome; in her footſteps riſe
The fragrant flowery tribes, and deck the earth
With all the beauties of th' etherial arch:
The feather'd choirs her praiſes chant, and glad
Renew their tender loves: beaſts of all kinds
Their gratitude in various forms expreſs.
The gen'rous horſe, now from his winter ſtall
Set free, around the verdant meadow takes
His wanton courſe; the ox, the heifer, play
Their awkward gambols, and the bleating lambs
Friſk gaily 'round their meek-ey'd dams, and court
The ſunny bank: but, moſt of all, ſhould Man,
Creation's Lord, rejoice in grateful praiſe
To Him, at whoſe command the ſeaſons roll
In due rotation 'round the circling year;
To Him, whom all the hoſts of heaven adore;
Whoſe power firſt form'd, and whoſe might ſuſtains,
Whoſe wiſdom governs, and whoſe goodneſs cheers,
Wherein is breath of life, throughout the vaſt
And boundleſs regions of created ſpace.

Retir'd from off the rough and fiery edge
Of bickering war, the Britiſh legions taſte
The ſweets of calm repoſe; now undiſturb'd,

They lay them down at night, at morn awake,
And peace and plenty crown the cheerful day.
But ſlothful eaſe, like ruſt on ſteel, corrodes
Heroic ſpirits; that inactive ſtate
They inly ſcorn, and to new victories
Bend all their wiſhes; difficulties none,
Or dangers great, tho' try'd and felt before;
But hopes of conqueſt, and the ardent thirſt
Of glory, will ſurmount; they laugh to ſcorn
The gaſconading threats of Gallic foes,
Who with enthuſiaſtic rage adore
The ſhade of Liberty, yet in their proud,
Ambitious thoughts, graſp and enſlave the world.
But now the mandate giv'n, forth from her ports,
Britannia, tender mother, ſends a fleet
To bring her veterans home: with ſwelling ſails,
And ſtreamers waving in the buxom gale,
They coaſt Batavia northward, treacherous friend!
And in the Weſer's wide and ſhoaly mouth
Safe moor, till, all embark'd in order due,
Homeward they ſteer; and now the pleaſing thoughts
Of dangers great eſcap'd, and hopes to ſee
Once more their native land, to which the ties
Of prejudice, or ſtrong affection, bind
All human hearts, glow in each gladden'd breaſt,
While briſk imagination flies before,

Swifter than winds, anticipating oft
In rapture, unallay'd by baulk, or croſs,
Or peeviſh circumſtance, the fond embrace
Of meeting lovers after abſence long
And painful; or the chaſte but melting kiſs
Of tender wedded pairs, whoſe very ſouls
Pure Love has join'd in one, tho' ſtormy ſeas
Had often roar'd between them: filial love,
Tho' not ſo fervent, yet with ſteady flame
Glow'd bright, and ſhared in the general joy.
High on the ſea-beat cliffs, with anxious gaze,
Relations, friends, and lovers, watching ſtand,
To ſee the ſafe return of thoſe they love
From perils great, and the rough ſcenes of war:
The ſwelling topſails, doubtful, firſt appear
Behind the liquid convex, yet far off,
And wrapt in miſt; and, as with ſteady port
She climbs the ſummit, ſeems as if ſhe ſprung
Out of the ocean; till, on near approach,
The bended canvaſs yielding to the breeze,
And all her wanton ſtreamers plain appear,
Floating delightful to th' admiring eye:
See with what ſtately pride ſhe ſkims along
Her briny track, while with her fearleſs prow
She cleaves the ſwelling waves; they, backwards driv'n,

Foaming with indignation, idly laſh
Her ſtubborn ſides; till bright imperial Thames
Opens his ſilver boſom, and with joy
Receives his ſons! His variegated banks,
Where villas, foreſts, groves, and flowery lawns,
With interſperſion ſweet attract the eye,
Had deck'd themſelves in all the youthful hue
Of blooming ſpring, to welcome their return;
As with a ſilent pace ſhe glides along
Her winding courſe, through flower-enamell'd meads,
From where old Ocean, with his fretful ſurge,
Waſhes the ſounding ſhore, up to that grove
Surmounted by the aſtrologian tower,
Which overſhades that ſtately ſtructure, rear'd
By England's veſtal Queen; that royal maid,
Whoſe fame her naval heroes oft proclaim'd
Around the world from the loud cannon's mouth:
There, when their toils are o'er, the aged ſons
Of Neptune find a calm and ſafe retreat,
Beyond the reach of want, of penury,
That dreaded hateful tyrant; there in peace,
They fight their battles o'er again, and view
Paſt dangers with a pleaſing retroſpect,
Till Nature drops beneath the hand of Time.

There firſt theſe wanderers, now return'd, regain'd
Their native ſhore, 'midſt acclamations loud

Of thronging friends, who preſs'd with eager haſte
To hail them welcome; and with greetings glad
And joyous feaſt they crown the happy day.
Edgar and Arabella, in the prime
And bloom of youth, when ev'ry pleaſing hope,
That mutual love and beauty could inſpire,
Their boſoms fill'd, were by a ſudden ſtroke
Of adverſe fortune parted; long had they,
With minds congenial, from their infant years,
Enjoy'd each other's friendſhip, which had now
Ripen'd to pureſt love, tho' ſtill unbleſt;
For parents avarice and ambitious views
Forbid their union; when th' imperious call
Of war and honour hurry'd him away
From her ſo dearly lov'd, beyond the ſeas:
But love is not confin'd to time or place;
For abſence, which extinguiſhes the guſt
Of foul and ſudden paſſions, fann'd their love
Up to a fiercer flame; thoſe happy hours,
Each trivial circumſtance, each toy of love,
That once had paſs'd, imagination oft
Enjoy'd with ſweet addition, and ſtill made
The lovely objects yet more lovely ſeem,
Though diſtant far; the virgin ſheet, well pleas'd,
Receiv'd their ſighs, their promiſes, their oaths,
And murmuring plaints to lovers only known;

And frequent paſs'd the faithful meſſenger
Of love from each, by each with joy receiv'd,
And preſs'd with fervent kiſſes; ſuch as made
Old haggard Envy, leering, ſwell with rage,
To ſee ſuch happineſs ſhe ne'er can taſte.
But ſuddenly, amidſt this mingled ſcene
Of painful pleaſure, Edgar is inform'd
His deareſt Arabella, cruel, falſe,
Ungrateful, perjur'd, has already giv'n
Her heart as well as hand to Theodore,
His former rival, which appears confirm'd
By her long haughty ſilence; oft he writes,
He rages, ſoothes, complains, but all in vain;
No anſwer comes; at laſt, he ſummons pride,
His injur'd love and honour, to his aid,
And for her ſake abjures her faithleſs ſex;
And in reproaches vents his rage againſt
Thoſe angel forms, who, tho' ſo heavenly fair,
Contain a heart black as the ſhades of night,
And fraught with all the ſoft alluring arts
That hell has yet conceiv'd to ruin man.
Thus for a while he brav'd his fate, and wag'd
A double war; the one, againſt the foes
Of Britiſh Liberty and Britain's King;
The other, 'gainſt his paſſions, ſtronger far,
More active, more aſſiduous, dangerous more,

And difficult to conquer than the hoſts
Of Gallic plunderers: Love oft approach'd
His heart with ſly and unſuſpected ſteps,
And kindled up afreſh the ſmother'd flame;
Her eyes, her lips, her neck, her lovely face,
Her ſweet enchanting ſmiles, her graceful form,
And thouſand other nameleſs beauties, all
Conſpir'd to overturn his proud reſolves;
Then Jealouſy ſucceeds, whoſe cruel fangs,
Like the Promethean vulture, preys upon
And gnaws his very vitals; till reliev'd
By the rude buſtle of the clamorous war,
That calls attention, and a reſpite gives
To that more violent tempeſt in his breaſt.

But now return'd again from foreign climes,
But not to peace return'd, his gloomy thoughts
Still courted ſolitude; and while, with hearts
Elate with joy, his fellow-ſoldiers join'd
The ſong, the dance, or feſtive merriment,
He ſought retirement; there, a prey to love,
To diſappointed love, his thoughts run wild,
Nor happineſs could find. At laſt reſolv'd,
He quits the military, and aſſumes
A pilgrim's habit; and, beneath the guiſe
Of aged ſanctity, intends to ſee
Unknown that once, that late delightful place,

Where oft he ſlumber'd in the downy lap
Of love, nor dreamt her faſcinating ſmiles
Would ever prove deceitful; in his breaſt
Conflicting paſſions, with inceſſant rage,
Struggled for maſtery; pride and high diſdain
Oppoſed Love, and check'd his wavering ſteps;
Then Jealouſy, with ſharp envenom'd ſting,
Him forward urg'd, to love, to death, or worſe,
Regardleſs. Thus, with ſlow, unequal pace,
He wander'd on, irreſolute and ſad,
Scarce knowing where he went; when ſuddenly
A well-known voice, in broken plaintive ſtrains,
Aſſail'd his ear; his ſcatter'd ſenſes flew
With momentary glance, and inſtantly
Reſum'd their ſeveral ſtations, when, like one
Suddenly rais'd from ſleep, he look'd, he ſaw
Fair Arabella's dwelling, and the grove,
That bliſsful grove, where oft they chang'd their vows
Of conſtancy and love; he heard her voice
Iſſuing from thence, and ſwift with ſilent ſteps
Approach'd unſeen, while his attentive ear
With greedineſs devour'd th' imperfect ſound,
Wond'ring with doubtful thought; his love-ſick heart
Beating aloud; his face, tho' hid beneath

The maſk of age, glowing like burning fire;
His limbs, tho' ſtrong, yet trembled, and could ſcarce
Support his agitated frame, while near
Within the grove he plac'd himſelf, and ſaw
That charming maid, whoſe image in his heart
So deeply was engrav'd that neither time
Nor abſence could eraſe it; ſaw her kneel
Down at her father's feet in humble plight,
And earneſt ſupplication: near them ſtood
The bane of all his joys, gay Theodore,
Dreſs'd as a bridegroom, glittering all in gold
And richeſt veſture. Hard the taſk to rule
The wild and ſudden paſſions which now throng'd
In Edgar's boſom at a ſight ſo ſtrange
And unexpected; but the enchanting voice
Of Arabella, like a magic ſound,
Soon ſtill'd the tumult, when he heard diſtinct
Theſe tender words drop from the fair-one's tongue:
" If my unhappy love has been a crime,
" O let it now meet your forgiving ſmile!
" But oh, my father! if he is no more,
" If Edgar ne'er had liv'd, or I ne'er lov'd,
" Theſe ſudden preparations might to me
" Of leſs importance ſeem; but how can I,
" Oh, ſire, conſider, how can I approach

" The ſacred altar, e'en without the ſmall
" Indulgence of a day giv'n to prepare
" And frame my inclination to your will!
" How ſhall I dare invoke heaven's awful King
" To witneſs, when this trembling hand I give
" To Theodore, that him I truly love,
" And him alone, while my rebellious heart
" Hangs back reluctant, and belies my tongue.
" Grant me, indulgent parent, but three days,
" In which I may my laſt devotions pay
" To Edgar's manes, and reconcile my heart
" With patient reſignation ſtill to yield
" A due obedience to a father's choice.
" Pardon me, Theodore, I'll ſtruggle hard
" To bring my fond affections o'er to you,
" A poor reward for all your love." While thus
Lowly ſhe pleaded at Alphonſo's feet,
Paternal love his rigid boſom warm'd;
Kindly he rais'd her up; and, while his thoughts
Hung in ſuſpenſe between his raſh reſolves
And her requeſt, he thus to Theodore
Himſelf addreſs'd: " Intended ſon, you know
" Of that affection which did once exiſt
" Between young Edgar and my daughter here,
" Which I, for reaſons to myſelf beſt known,
" Thought fit to diſapprove of; ſince the wars

" Call'd him away, to ſave her from the grave,
" On whoſe dark verge low languiſhing ſhe lay,
" I promis'd, and moſt ſolemnly confirm'd
" It with an oath, that, if he ſhould return,
" I to their wiſh'd-for union would conſent;
" But ſince he is no more, ſince rav'nous war,
" Who oft devours his thouſands at a meal,
" Hath cut him off; if you can bravely check
" The ardor of your wiſhes, and defer
" The conſummation of your promis'd bliſs
" For that ſhort period, tho' with anxious care
" I look for the fulfilment of my will
" And promiſe made to you, yet as to me
" Nothing appears or dangerous or unjuſt
" In her requeſt, I'll grant it: what ſay'ſt thou?"
To whom thus Theodore: " 'Tis juſt, my lord,
" That your moſt ſov'reign will ſhould ever be
" To me a law. Yet, O conſider well,
" How ſuch a love as mine can brook delay!
" To cold phlegmatic ſouls, three days or months
" Might ſeem but as an hour; but, oh, to me,
" Whoſe love burns fiercer than proud Ætna's flames,
" Each moment ſeems an age till thoſe bright charms
" Are all my own! Beſides, by your command
" The prieſt attends, our friends are all arriv'd,

" And

" And with impatience wait the happy hour,
" When I, ſupremely bleſs'd, ſhall from your hand
" Receive that lovely treaſure; ſhould delay
" Their expectation baulk, conjecture quaint
" Might hold up ſome ſuſpicious cauſe, and ſtain
" Our ſpotleſs honor.—Arabella, come,
" Cheer up thy drooping heart, devote this day
" To love and pleaſure only; hark, what notes!
" The muſic calls, and chides our tardy ſteps
" To the accompliſhment of all our bliſs:
" When that is done, then ſhall my lovely queen
" Aſſume her ſov'reign ſtate, while at her nod
" Hundreds with ſwift obedience glad ſhall fly,
" And ev'ry wiſh anticipate; and when
" The rural ſcenes doth cloy, then let us poſt
" On pleaſure's wings up to the royal court;
" There ſhall my Arabella's brighter charms,
" Like Venus ſparkling 'mongſt the twilight ſtars,
" Eclipſe their idol beauties, and extort
" Envy or admiration from them all;
" There ſhalt thou ſhine unrivall'd 'midſt the glare
" Of opera, rout, or midnight maſquerade,
" Delightfully employ'd through all the round
" Of faſhionable pleaſures high refin'd;
" Theſe will your thoughts employ, and all your
" care:

" Come,

" Come, then, my Love, ſoften thoſe radiant eyes
" With cheerful ſmiles, nor longer ruminate
" Among the ſilent dead." While thus he ſpake,
A meſſenger, in haſte, a billet gave
Into Alphonſo's hand, and ſwift retir'd;
Which having view'd, with marks of ſtrong ſurprize,
He thus aloud unfolded its contents;
" Beware of Theodore. Edgar yet lives.
" Curſed be Theodore! by him ſuborn'd,
" And for his tempting gold, I ſold myſelf
" To falſehood and perdition! 'Twas I found means
" To publiſh the reports of Edgar's death,
" And all his correſpondence intercept.
" I alſo undertook, by force or fraud,
" His ſafe return for ever to prevent;
" But Heaven has fruſtrated our helliſh plot;
" And, in its righteous judgment, ſuddenly
" Struck me to death's dark gates, and him preſerv'd."

While thus Alphonſo ſpake, the dreadful words
Appall'd the guilty ſoul of Theodore,
And ſtruck with terror more his trembling heart
Than thunder's loudeſt roar; yet with quick thought
He ſummon'd all his courage, and appear'd

To brave the ſtorm, regardleſs; while with bold
And haughty ſpeech he thus himſelf expreſs'd:
"'Tis falſe as hell: ſome miſcreants vile conſpire
" To blaſt my reputation, take my life,
" Or diſappoint my love. But why thus ſend
" A paſſive meſſenger? why not himſelf
" Appear with open front, and to my face
" Aſſert his charge? not meanly thus to lurk
" Behind his paper ſcreen; this plainly proves
" Him a rank coward, villainous and falſe.
" Where is that wretch, who boldly dares advance
" And ſay to Theodore that Edgar lives,
" Or that I ſought his life? By Heaven, I'll feed
" The ravens with his carcaſs!"—" Here's the
" man,"
Cries Edgar, ruſhing from his dark retreat.
" Behold the man, who boldly to your teeth
" Affirms that Edgar lives! I know he lives;
" And lives to puniſh you, who baſely ſought
" To hurt his life, to undermine his love,
" To him more precious than ten thouſand lives.
" What ſay'ſt thou now? I ſee thy guilty ſoul,
" Trembling, look through thy wild diſorder'd eyes,
" Dreading the conſequence. But now go wed,
" 'The muſic calls, and chides your tardy ſteps,

" ' To the accompliſhment of all your bliſs.' "
To whom thus Theodore, confus'd, reply'd:
" Audacious prieſt! but for thy hoary age,
" And ſacred office, thus by thee profan'd,
" I'd lay thee inſtant grov'ling at my feet,
" To expiate with thy life th' injurious blot
" Thou'ſt caſt upon mine honour. Get thee hence,
" Thou ſcandalous intruder, while thou may'ſt,
" Leſt, thus provok'd, I overleap the bounds
" My prudence hath preſcrib'd, and thee chaſtiſe
" As thy preſumptuous inſolence deſerves."
To whom thus Edgar, with a ſcornful ſmile:
" Moſt mighty Theodore, be merciful,
" Nor let me be deſtroy'd by airy threats;
" For ſince your honor keeps your courage back
" From ent'ring on the liſt with an old man,
" That barrier I'll remove. Lo, here, behold
" A man, who laughs to ſcorn thy pow'rful arm,
" And much more potent ſpeech! ſtand on your
" guard,
" Nor let thy deeds diſown thy boaſting tongue,
" When love and life's at ſtake." As thus he ſpake,
Down dropt his borrow'd guiſe, and ſtraight appear'd
Edgar himſelf confeſs'd. Amaz'd they ſtood,
And view'd each other, wond'ring at this new
And ſudden transformation; in their breaſts

Senſations widely different aroſe;
In Arabella's boſom, love and joy;
In Theodore's, pale terror, ſhame, deſpair;
Confounded he retir'd, and as he went
Mutter'd out curſes, mix'd with bitter threats,
By none regarded. Now in rapture ſweet
The faithful, loving pair, with joy unfeign'd,
Embrace each other; while Alphonſo ſtood
A wond'ring, pleas'd ſpectator. Come, he cries,
Since fate ſupreme has thus preſerv'd your life
And love ſincere through ſuch forbidding ſcenes,
Let me not contradict its high decree;
The prieſt, the muſic, friends, and all attend,
Though not by you invited. Go in peace,
And at the ſacred altar join your hands
As well as hearts; and may th' Almighty Power,
Who counteracts our purblind purpoſes,
To his own glory and our final good,
Shower down abundant bleſſings on your heads,
And fill your days with plenty, love, and peace!
With fluttering hearts, and eyes bedew'd with tears
Of gratitude and joy, they bow conſent;
And with light ſteps ſoon join the wond'ring throng:
There Hymen link'd them in his golden chain,
And love and pleaſure crown'd the happy day.

THE

CAPTIVE HARE's LAMENTATION.

WHILE on my bed with roſy health I lay,
And peaceful ſlumber baniſh'd every care;
When reſtleſs Fancy her wild antics play,
And ſwiftly roams through water, earth, and air:

Methought I ſtray'd along a verdant lawn,
Which oft my ſteps have meaſur'd, void of art,
At that delightful ſeaſon, e'en the dawn
Of youth, when ſoft'ning love firſt warms the heart.

There oft, in pleaſing dreams, nightly I rove,
Tending the bleating flocks, employment ſweet!
Viewing afreſh thoſe artleſs ſcenes of love,
And all my childiſh ſports again repeat.

Hearing the voice of woe, I turn'd, and ſaw
The placid viſage of a timid hare,
Who ne'er offended heaven or nature's law,
Caught in the tangles of a guileful ſnare.

Trembling

Trembling through every limb, he often tries
With ſudden ſprings his freedom to regain;
'Till weary, groveling in the duſt he lies,
For all his feeble efforts are in vain.

At length he rais'd his head, while from his eyes
The big round tears his ſwelling ſorrow ſtrain'd;
And mingled with his fearful plaintive cries,
In broken ſpeech he thus aloud complain'd:

" O, cruel Man! what have I done, that thou
" Do'ſt ſtill with reſtleſs ardor ſeek my death;
" By night and day my harmleſs ſteps purſue,
" And view well-pleas'd my laſt convulſive breath?

" If to yon mountain high I take my flight,
" Or through the deſert wild I lightly run,
" E'en there my ears the yelling hounds affright,
" Or fall a victim to the fiery gun.

" If near your habitations I repair,
" Or, ſeeking ſhelter, to yon woods reſort,
" A thouſand dangers more my life enſnare,
" Since my deſtruction is your favorite ſport.

" Wilt thou my kind protector ne'er be found?
" Shall I beſeech your mercy ſtill in vain?
" Can you behold unmov'd my bleeding wound,
" And ſmile at ſuch excruciating pain!

" Thy

" Thy dog, likewiſe, whoſe nature thirſts for blood,
" His ſavage deeds are all by thee approv'd;
" Shelter'd by thee, from thee receives his food,
" And ſtill the more he kills the more he's lov'd.

" Not ſo the meek-ey'd lamb; by thy command
" He's fed and nouriſh'd, and thou cheer'ſt his life;
" Yet, though thus pleas'd, he grateful licks thine hand,
" He's only fed to glut his murderer's knife!

" Fly quickly, loving mate! far hence depart;
" But whither canſt thou go? Perhaps while he
" Thus o'er me boaſts, pleas'd with his barbarous art,
" Thou, too, art weltering in his fangs like me!

" No more, alas! dear partner, ſhall we ſtray
" With cautious ſteps along thoſe fields of corn,
" Browſing the tender blade, or ſportive play,
" Retiring ſlow at the approach of morn.

" No more thy loving call ſhall glad mine ear,
" All hopes of peace or pleaſure now are vain,
" For, lo! my cruel foe approaches near,
" To end my life; but with it ends my pain.

" O, powerful Man, relent! my helper be;
" I'll mark with gratitude my lateſt breath:
" Ah! what ſtrange pleaſure can'ſt thou take to ſee
" Me writhing in the agonies of death!

"That man is juſt and good, I've oft heard ſay;
"But are thoſe good who all their ſtrength employ
"With horſe and hound to chaſe me all the day,
"And, when I'm torn to pieces, ſhout for joy!

"Let not the weak and helpleſs ſtill complain,
"And trembling ſhake with terror, when they ſee
"Their tyrant lord! Ah, only think, is pain
"Or death to us leſs dreadful than to thee?"

While thus he ſpake I dropt a ſilent tear;
My heart confeſs'd the juſtice of his plea:
And haſtening, while he ſhook with growing fear,
Looſen'd his bonds, and ſet the captive free.

Confus'd, on me he caſt a doubtful look,
While gratitude beam'd through his watery eye;
Then with unequal ſteps the plain forſook,
'Midſt dangers new his future lot to try.

Pleas'd with my little act of kindneſs ſhewn
To one ſo perſecuted, weak, diſtreſt,
My heart rejoic'd, and without ſhame durſt own,
That ſuch a ſoftneſs dwells within my breaſt.

I envy'd not the man, who to his name
Has tack'd theſe ſounding words, "the great, the good;"
Who to procure th' applauſe of bluſt'ring fame,
To conqueſt wades through ſeas of human blood.

Let

Let me be ſtill thus happily employ'd
In acts of love and mercy; nor e'er deem
Cruelty merit. As I thus enjoy'd
Theſe pleaſing thoughts, I awoke——'twas but a
dream.

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